It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good mother (I muſt call you ſo,)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene,
Not by deſerts, but what I will deſerue,
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh, fond in great deſignes.
Qu. Shal I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doo good.
Q. Shall I forget my ſelfe, to be my ſelfe.
King. I, if your ſelfes remembrance, wrong your ſelfe.
Qu. But thou didſt kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie they ſhall breed,
Selfes of themſelues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother by the deede.
Qu. I goe, write to me very ſhortlie.
Kin. Beare her my true loues kiſſe, farewel *Exit.*
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious ſouereigne, on the weſterne coaſt,
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall,
And there thy hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a ſhore.
King. Some light-foote friend, poſt to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or Catesbie, where is he?
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke, poſt thou to Salisburie,
When thou comeſt there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
Why ſtandſt thou ſtill? and goeſt not to the Duke.
Cat. Firſt mightie ſouereigne, let me know your minde,
What from your grace, I ſhall deliuer them.
King. O, true good Catesbie, bid him leuie ſtraight,
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meete me preſentlie at Salisburie.

Rat. What is it your hignes ple
King. Why, what wouldſt tho
Rat. Your highneſſe told me I
Kin. My mind is changd ſir, m
How now, what newes with you?
Enter Dar
Dar. None good my Lord, to pl
Nor none ſo bad, but it may well
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither
Why doeſt thou runne ſo many m
When thou maiſt tell thy tale a ne
Once more, what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the ſeas.
King. There let him ſinke, and
White liuerd runnagate, what do
Dar. I know not mightie ſouer
King. Well ſir, as you gueſſe, as
Dar. Sturd vp by Dorſet, Buck
He makes for England, there to cl
King. Is the chaire Emptie? is t
Is the king dead? the empire vnp
What heire of Yorke is there aliue
And who is Englands king, but gr
Then tell me, what doeth he vpon
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my liege
King. Vnleſſe for that, he com
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him
Dar. No mightie liege, therefo
King. Where is thy power ther
Where are thy tennants, and thy fo
Are they not now vpon the Weſt
Safe conducting, the rebels from
Dar. No my good Lord, my frie
King. Cold friends to Richard, w
When they ſhould ſerue, their ſou
Dar. They haue not bin commau
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me